

Twisted Urges

Kreator

Fulfilling morbid dreams
Of those who never have time to sleep
Enduring to extremes
Held by a promise that they won't keep
Dark silence is so real
Walls painted black as night
Locked up in chains of steel
Down in the cellar nothing is right
Mistress of perversity
Unwilling tool of other's lust
Witnessing abnormality
With no one left to trust
Hell couldn't be this bad
Sold by her father to gratify
She never had a chance
Raped, beaten, sodomized
Her martyred soul cries out
Yet no one hears her scream
Her world is fear and doubt
She's a prisoner of this grotesque scene
Mistress of perversity
She never had a chance
Raped, beaten, sodomized
Twisted urges drove her to the end

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